

FIVE

2006

#8



The
Literary
Magazine of
The 52nd Street
Project

The
Dream Issue



FIVEY



Smart Partners is the one-on-one educational tutoring/mentoring program of The 52nd Street Project. Fivey is the program's literary magazine.

Smart Partners 2006

Justin AponteEd Vassallo
Jeremy ButlerJohn Sheehy
Joyce CheungMelissa Jones
Nicole FargardoKaren Munkel
Analis "Fifi" FernandezLiz Canavan
Cathy FernandezDiana Rojas
Jazzy HernandezJulia Walk Miller
Ani KehrBecky White
Luz MaldonadoEsra Gaffin
Anthony MejiaMaury Schott
Mathew OrtizKim Sherman
Christopher RamirezCatherine Mueller
Jennifer RamirezSarah Kay
Octavia RodriguezKim Sykes
Jaymaree RosadoAmy Rice
Jonathan RosarioErica Schmidt
Luisa SantiagoNikki Phillips
Mordecai SantiagoLiz Bell
Zebulun SantiagoMoira MacDonald
Kayelani SilvaMegan Cramer
Stephanie VamvoukakisShirley Rumierk
Michael VelezPerry McBain Daniel
A.J. WelshErik Bowie
Skyeblu WelshErin Quinn Purcell
Adrian ZambranoLee Rosen

Editors: George Babiak, Liz Bell

Design and Layout: George Babiak

Photographer: George Babiak

Front and Back cover concepts:

Crambell Design Consortium with input from Santiago and Silva Associates.

*Special thanks to the **Department of Youth and Community Development** for their support.*

The 52nd Street Project Board of Directors

Ben Barenholtz	Noël Mihalow
Lisa Benavides	Patricia M. Murphy, Esq.
Rachel Chanoff	Willie Reale, <i>Founder</i>
Cathy Dantchik	Shirley Rumierk
Wendy Ettinger, <i>Chair Emeritus</i>	José Soto
Louis P. Friedman	Pamala Tyson
Stephen Graham, <i>Chair</i>	Laura Valeroso
Larry Jones	Wendy vanden Heuvel
James McDaniel	John Vassilaros
Frances McDormand	Jenny Wiener

The 52nd Street Project Staff

Carol Ochs, Executive Director
Gus Rogerson, Artistic Director
Liz Bell, Director of Education
George Babiak, Production Manager
Mayleen Cancel, Education Assistant
Megan Cramer, Education Liaison
Reg Flowers, Associate Artistic Director
John Sheehy, Director of Development
Diana Rojas, Executive Assistant
Jackie Frankel, Development Assistant
Chris Ceraso, Teen Dean

Volunteer Homework Helpers & Subject Specialists

Varin Ayala, Angel Desai,
Jean Marie Donnelly, Anikke Fox,
Jake Friedman, Tara Gordon, Jack Gwaltney,
Amina Henry, Stephanie Janssen,
Jackie McDonnell, Andrew Sherman,
Loren Toolajian, Joaquin Torres, Kari Riely,
Virginia Vitzhum, Josh Wade, & Emily Wolper.

On The Cover: **Kayelani Silva** dreams of the perfect wave.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

What's Your Dream?

Okay, here we go with another big, fat issue of good ol' Fivey, your favorite kid-written periodical. This year's theme: Dreams! And we're not just talking about sleepy-time snoozy dreams. We're also talking about serious hopes for the future. Then there are our day-dreams, which we usually have when we're pretending to listen to a teacher drone on about the digestive system of an earthworm. In short, just about anything you'd stick the label "dream" onto is in this mag.

Did you know that **Cathy Fernandez** dreams of being a teacher? But not the mean kind. Check out her story to see how patient she'll be with some rowdy kids. Some kids dream of being president; **Christopher Ramirez** just wants to give the present one a piece of his mind. He sure did with an actual letter to "W".

Artist **Georgie Zapata** drew his nightmare of a dragon. **Luz Maldonado** sketched her daydreams of shopping with her pet cat (who, strangely enough,

walks on a leash). Other kids used these pages for some serious dream analysis. **Mark Gamero** ponders his mother's eerily prophetic dreams while **Azalea Rosario** learns an important lesson from a dream about her nephew. In **Malik Velazquez's** nightmare, he battles a giant sitting on his building. Perhaps he feels the weight of his ever-changing neighborhood?

Some dreams, er, nightmares, were pretty darn scary. 'Fraidy cat **George Babiak** was visibly shaken after reading **Devin Gonzalez's** terrifying tale of a bloodthirsty werewolf. Don't be fooled by Devin's innocent looks in his photo.

Some kids ignored the theme. That was okay with us, too. If we'd been sticklers, we wouldn't have **Jason Gil's** brain-busting puzzles (p. 32). Enjoy! - Liz



Liz Bell, Editor

GRB



George Babiak, Editor

LB

Table of Contents

<i>Dreams are Real</i> by Kayelani Silva	2	<i>My Day as a Teacher</i> by Cathy Fernandez	19
<i>Gorgeous and Poetry Is...</i> by Jenisse Bouret	3	<i>Love is Pain!</i> by Analis "Fifi" Fernandez and	
<i>The Giant</i> by Malik Velazquez	4	<i>Boys</i> by Janiece Aponte	20
<i>What Dreams Are Made Of</i> by Janiece Aponte	5	<i>Dreams</i> by Joshua Joya and	
<i>Alone</i> by Analis "Fifi" Fernandez	6	<i>God's Angel</i> by Paul Dixon	21
<i>Christian's Dream</i> by Mordecai Santiago	7	<i>Icons of Sports</i> by Samantha Toro and	
<i>Two Views of the World</i>		<i>Sweets</i> by Mordecai Santiago	22
by Cathy Fernandez and Luisa Santiago	8	<i>How Andrew Saved Me</i> by Azalea Rosario	23
<i>Bang Bang From a Distance</i> by Joshua Joya	9	<i>The Afternoon Daydreams</i> by Luz Maldonado and	
<i>Reflections on Martin Luther King</i>		<i>Dreams are Scary</i> by Luisa & Nikki	24
by Octavia Rodriguez	10	<i>Dreamz</i> by Crystal Toro and	
<i>Black and White</i> by Nicole Fargardo	11	<i>Nightmare Dragon</i> by Georgie Zapata	25
<i>My World</i> by Joshua Joya	12	<i>The Adventures of Fifi and Liz (The Soul Connector)</i>	
<i>Homerun</i> by Andy Reyes and		by Fifi Fernandez and Liz Canavan	26
<i>Nightmare Art</i> by Mordecai Santiago	13	<i>Spring</i> by Terrence Mack and	
<i>When I Dream</i>		<i>Love Poem</i> by Azalea Rosario	31
by Luisa Santiago and Nikki Phillips	14	<i>My Mother's Dreams</i> by Mark Gamero	32
<i>It's Devin's Fivey of the Year</i> by Devin Gonzalez	16	<i>Dreamboat</i> by Kayelani Silva and	
<i>What About Twoey?</i> by Michael Feliciano and		<i>William Shakespeare</i> by Muhammad Cunningham	34
<i>AIDS</i> by Nicole Fargardo	17	<i>Mom, I Understand Now</i> by Christopher Ramirez	35
<i>A Letter to the President</i>		<i>Gil's Pages of Puzzlement</i> by Jason Gil	36
by Christopher Ramirez	18	<i>Farewell to Fivey</i> by Fifi Fernandez	37

Dreams are Real

By Kayelani Silva

Oh my god... I didn't have anything prepared for this. But I guess I can start off by saying thank you for this award. It has always been my dream to win the award for Best Female Actress. I can honestly tell you that walking up to this stage to receive my award was like something out of a fairy tale. I remember a few years ago I was at home watching the Oscars, and today I am up here onstage receiving one. Oh my god... I am so nervous my hands are shaking. I want to thank everyone who supported my movie, *Googly-Eyed In Love*. This movie was a real challenge for me, but it was nothing compared to *Holiday in Heaven*, *Automatic Burn*, *Roses are Redder on the Other Side*, and *A Real Girl Never Lies*. But.... I guess the judges know everything. I also would like to thank a few more people: the cast, my manager Megan Cramer, the director of this movie Gus Rogerson, our producer Carol Ochs, our scenic designer George Babiak, our major funder John Sheehy, our executive assistant Diana Rojas, our screenwriter Reggie Flowers, our editor Mayleen Cancel, and our cinematographers Liz Bell and Jackie Frankel. And last but not least, my co-star Joshua Joya. Oh! I hear the orchestra. That must be my cue to leave. So I'll wrap it up by saying, if I was able to get where I am today then everyone can do it. All you need is one powerful dream. 🎬



Gorgeous

By Jenisse Bouret

You are gorgeous
like the sun, the moon,
and the stars.
You are gorgeous
Forever
You are gorgeous
While you brush fingers through your hair
You are gorgeous
Like your sisters
You are gorgeous
So believe
You are gorgeous
Like glistening pearls my grandmother once wore
You are gorgeous
Like a lonely lily pad in the middle of a pond
You are gorgeous
As the color aqua
You are gorgeous
Gorgeous you are
Gorgeous 🇺🇸



GRB


Poetry is...

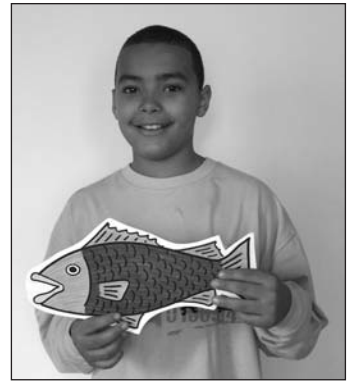
By Jenisse Bouret

Poetry is the freedom to express yourself on paper.
Blame poetry for being able to speak our mind and soul.
Poetry is the rhythm of words. 🇺🇸

The Giant

by Malik Velazquez

I had a dream that I lived on the last floor of my building. I was sitting down, then a giant lifted off the ceiling. I was surprised. He had a giant bucket that was filled with fresh water. Next he dumped the water in my apartment. I swam out of the apartment and landed on the grass. I wasn't hurt. Then he jumped off the building and stepped on me. His feet smelled! But I didn't get hurt because his feet were soft. He jumped into the Hudson River, and swam. Then I fell off his foot and was drowning. That's when I woke up. They say you usually wake up before you die in your dream. 



GRB



ART BY MALIK VELAZQUEZ

What Dreams Are Made Of

By Janiece Aponte

Dreams are made of steam.
Dreams are made of love.
Dreams are made of everything in the world.
Dreams are always in the air, but why can't it always be there?
Dreams are solid.
Dreams are what I wish for.
Dreams are what I think of.
Dreams are what I like so far.
Dreams are what I think of when I am bored.
Dreams are what I love to do.
Dreams are what I think of when I think of George.
Dreams are fun.
Dreams are what I love when I want to shout.
Dreams are around.
Dreams don't want to make me frown.
Dreams make me sad,
But I just can't help it when I get mad.
Dreams are what they are made of.
Dreams are upsetting.
Dreams can be sad.
But dreams can be bad
When I get furious.
Dreams are what I love when I visualize a picture.
Dreams dreams dreams.....
Dreams can be amazing,
But they just can't be waiting.
Dreams are what I call a cloud,
But they can sometimes be loud!!!!



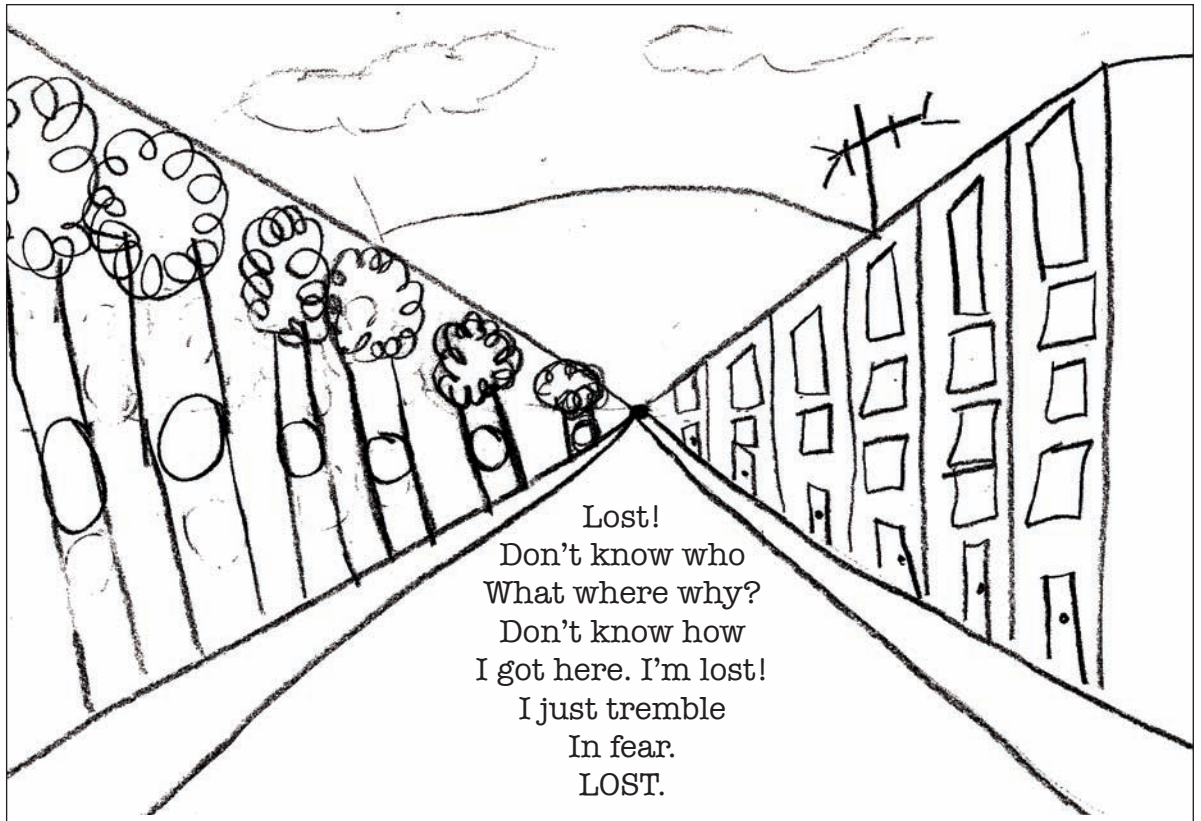
JLS

I dedicate this poem to my lovely pal George. He is the most amazing person I can ever dream of. He has been a lovely pal since I ever met him. He is the most expressing pal I can ever have. 🐶



Alone

Poem and artwork by
Analís "Fifi" Fernandez



Christian's Dream

by Mordecai Santiago

Once there was a little boy named Christian. He was six years old. Every year he would watch his older brother act at The 52nd Street Project. It is an acting program for young kids to write and act out plays. So as he got older he got more and more interested in acting and writing plays.

Once he turned nine, he went up to a Playmaking teacher and asked her if he could join the program. "How old are you?" said Megan. "I'm nine," said Christian.

"You're just the right age for this program."

"REALLY!?" said Christian as his mouth dropped.

"Of course. Here is a permission slip so you can go to this program. Just tell your parents to sign here," Megan said.

"Do my parents have to pay?" Christian asked.

"No. I didn't get your name," Megan said.

"My name is Christian. What's your name?" he asked.

"My name is Megan. I hope to see you in the summer, Christian."

"Bye Megan"

"Bye Christian."


So Christian went to his apartment on the first floor. "Mom, Dad, I met a lady named Megan and she said I can be in her acting program."

"Wow, Christian. We are really happy for you, do we need to sign anything?" they asked.

"Yes, and here is the permission slip to sign. Just sign here. You don't even have to pay," Christian said.

"Here you go," his mom said as she signed the permission slip and gave it to him.

"Thanks, mom. I will give the permission slip to Megan tomorrow."

So he did. The next day he went to The 52nd Street Project and gave the permission slip to Megan. That summer he joined the Project with other groups of kids and wrote plays. He liked it so much he decided to stay with the program. When he got older, he started acting in plays. I'm Christian. I'm twelve years old. I've been in the Project for three years now. I still like it. I now go to Homework Help in the Project. After school I go and do homework, and sometimes they help me when I need help on homework. If you're nine, ten, or eleven, ask your parents if you can go and sign up for The 52nd Street Project. The number is 212-333-5252. Call today. 



GRB

Two Views of the World

By Cathy Fernandez and Luisa Santiago

This is a dream of somebody walking in a daily life! He is walking to his house. His name is Bob and he lives a daily life, like nothing bad happening.

--Cathy Fernandez



A Man Shooting a Man Because of Hatred: The black man kills the other man 'cause he is Mexican.

-- Luisa Santiago

Bang Bang From a Distance


By Joshua Joya

BANG BANG from a distance.
How can we keep such persistence?
One by one they disappear.
Walking through the smell
Be careful not to step on someone's ear.

BANG BANG goes swastika guns
When five or more are on the run.

Forty in a room and ten come out
Be careful to inhale what comes out of
that spout.

They strip us naked and plant a number
With all this confusion it's hard
To slumber.
They spit and hit and call us scum.
You're a millionaire if you get a handful of chum.

Yeah, this life sucks but what can you do?
Well let me get back to fixing their shoes.
Cuz if you don't, you might as well run
Cuz the beating you get will not be fun. 



GRB

Reflections on Martin Luther King, Jr.

By Octavia Rodriguez



GRB

One of the greatest men in history was Martin Luther King, Jr. How do you begin writing about him? I mean, I know that Martin Luther King Jr. has been “overly used” as we can say in high school, but tell me the truth, can you really get enough? Has his dream fully come true? “I have a dream,” Martin Luther King, Jr. has said. I always think about those words that he strongly chose to say in his speech, and those words made a huge impact on me. People have gone from calling African-

Americans “negroes” to now calling anyone and anything in the ghetto, as they say, “nigga.” Has Martin Luther King’s dream been twisted? Does his speech mean anything to those people? The people who talk about Martin Luther King, Jr. are only saying his story again—a story that should live on forever, even when we are equal, as Martin Luther King, Jr. once said he wanted us to be.

“I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: ‘We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.’” Those were the first words of “I Have a Dream.” I think about the words “all men are created equal.” Are we created equal? Well in God’s way we are, but here on earth where good and bad things happen, are we really created equal? Just think about it, you know the answer.

Martin Luther King, Jr. was a black man, priest, father, and a very good man for what he has done. He was born Michael Luther King Jr., but later his name was changed to Martin. He was born on January 15, 1929 and died on April 4, 1968. Martin Luther King, Jr.

was 35 when he got the Nobel Peace Prize and the youngest man to get it.

“And when this happens, when we allow freedom to ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God’s children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual: Free at last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty, we are free at last!”



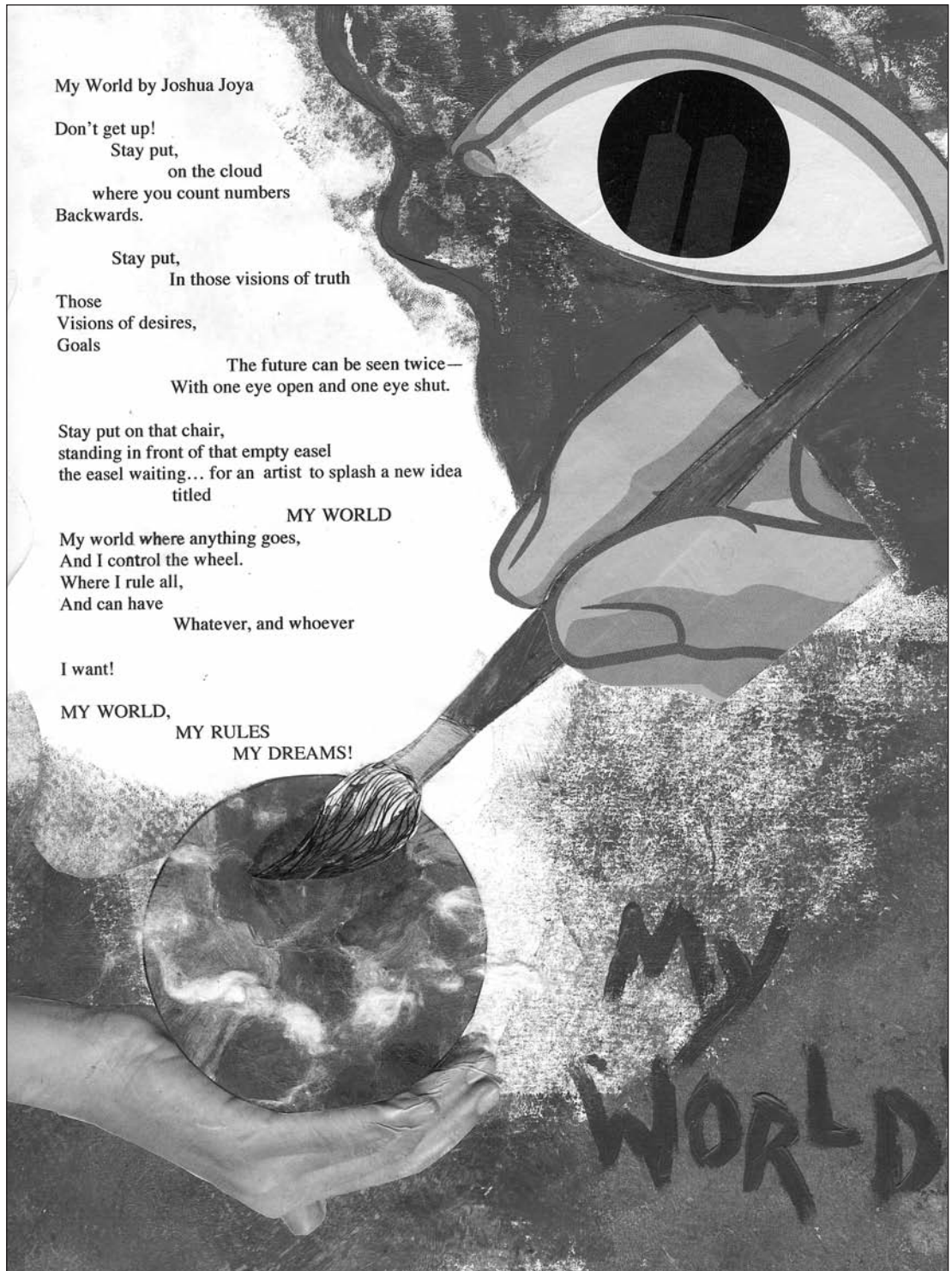
Black and White

by Nicole Fargardo

I thought dreams were colorful but I realized they’re black and white. Am I blind cuz I don’t have one in sight? People pick dreams they know are tough. They fulfill them and never give up. Friends are there through the good times and bad; they’ll laugh when you’re happy and cry when you’re sad. People give up dreams cuz they can’t fulfill them, so they feel they have no choice. Try to make the right decision but feel they have no voice. I wanted to be a police man or a firefighter. I’m not going to fulfill it so logically it’s a desire. I kinda wanna be an actress deep down inside but if I don’t show it... it’s gonna hide. Don’t give up no matter how bumpy the ride gets. Remember what I said and don’t ever forget.

GRB

My World A collage of poetry and pictures by Joshua Joya



My World by Joshua Joya

Don't get up!
Stay put,
on the cloud
where you count numbers
Backwards.

Stay put,
In those visions of truth

Those
Visions of desires,
Goals

The future can be seen twice—
With one eye open and one eye shut.

Stay put on that chair,
standing in front of that empty easel
the easel waiting... for an artist to splash a new idea
titled

MY WORLD

My world where anything goes,
And I control the wheel.
Where I rule all,
And can have

Whatever, and whoever

I want!

MY WORLD,
MY RULES
MY DREAMS!

Homerun

Poem and art by Andy Reyes

The ball is coming
Whack! Homerun!

The ball is coming
Crack! Homerun!

The ball is coming
Strike!

The ball is coming
Strike!

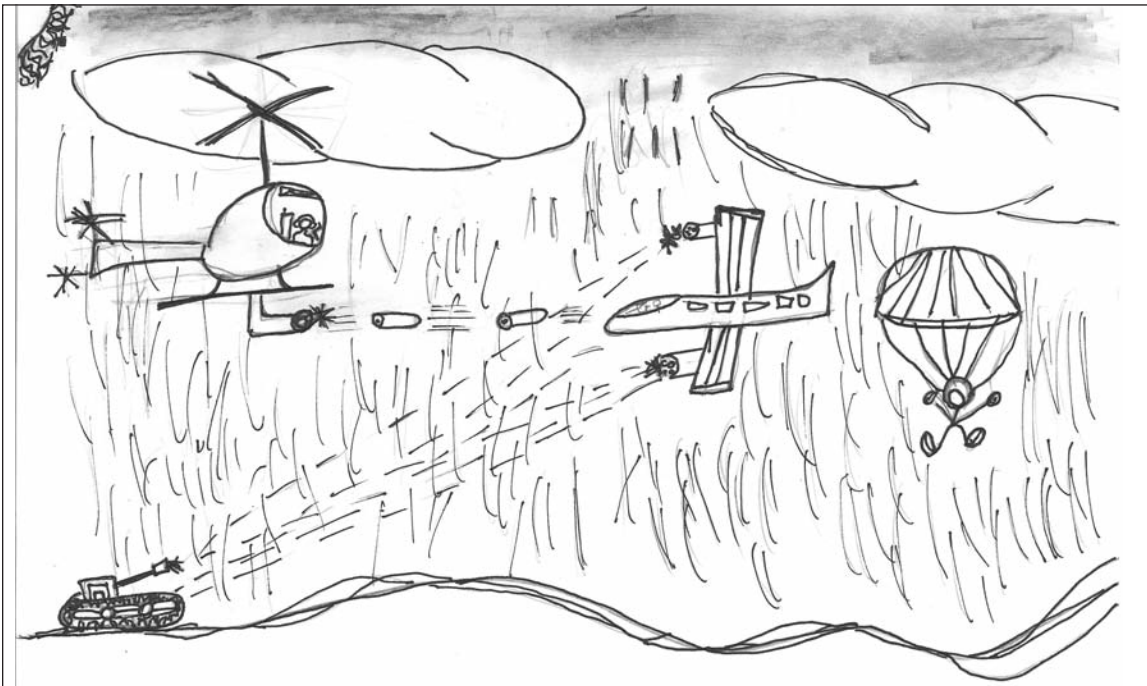
The ball is coming
That's the pitch I don't like!
Homerun!



GRB



Nightmare

 Art by Mordecai Santiago

When I Dream...

By Luisa Santiago & Nikki Phillips

When I dream, I think of living in a big house and having a normal family. Sometimes my family drives me crazy. Sometimes I just get over the situation and move on in my dream. I think about what I want my life to be like. I have so many dream jobs to choose from, I can only choose one. I can study different subjects in school and try to figure out what I am most excited about.



When I think of dreams, I think about happiness and joy. It is important for me to figure out how to bring happiness and joy to myself and to the people in my life. Sometimes I don't have pleasant dreams, most of the time it is nightmares. I dream about things that scare me. But when I wake up, I am so pleased to know that it was just a dream. Sometimes my dreams help me to face my fears. Like being alone or afraid of ghosts. Sometimes I wake up from a bad dream feeling as though I have learned something new about myself.

When I wake up from a bad dream, I'm not myself for awhile, even though it was just a dream. It is sometimes hard to tell what is reality and what was just a dream. I have dreams about me being on a beach or somewhere special, but when I wake up, I am furious. It is still winter outside and it is cold in my room! But I am still happy about where I'm at.

When I think about dreams, I think about clouds drifting across a summer sky. But when I fall off the cloud, the image is not pretty. It hurts to fall so hard on the ground. But just before I touch the ground, I wake up and start a new day. I stretch my arms out and get ready for the journey. But I could never let go of those dreams that touch you so much.

I have so many dreams. 

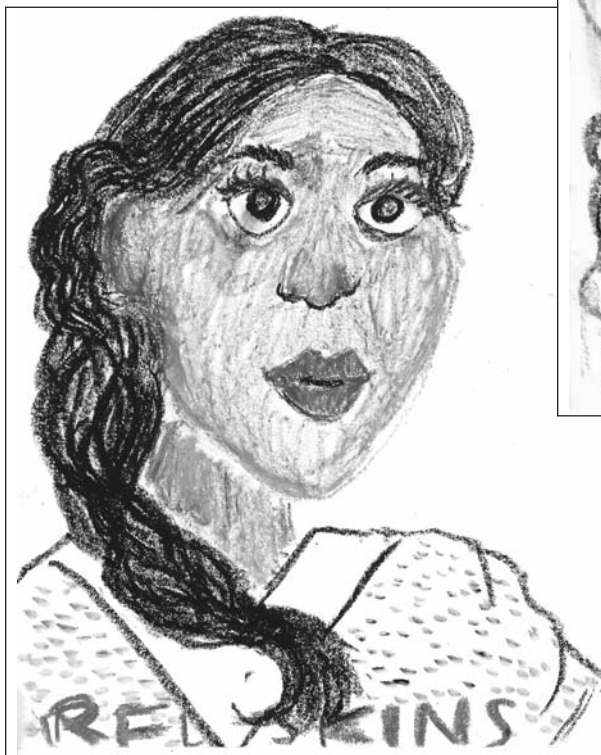
Right: "Yummy," a study in Cray-pas by Nikki.

NOTE: Luisa and Nikki have been Smart Partners for one year.



Right: A portrait of Nikki in Cray-pas by Luisa.

Below: A portrait of Luisa in Cray-pas by Nikki.




Right: A "Dream-House" in Cray-pas by Luisa



It's Devin's FIVEY of the Year!

A Dark and Sinister Tale of Unspeakable Horror by Devin Caine Gonzalez

It was a beautiful Saturday afternoon when I was daydreaming about being a werewolf. A dark soul, or I would say a ghost, controlled me for so long. The dark soul, or whatever it was, was very, very smart. If there were too many people, the dark soul would not activate and I would remain human. But the danger happened when no one was around... I turned into a werewolf and killed!! The soul was determined and said, "No one will stand in my way!" I was not like any ordinary werewolf. I had silver wings. I couldn't believe I had turned into a flying werewolf. I was super fast. I had abilities that no others had. I had blood-thirsty eyes that would drive humans insane. My claws were razor sharp. And my teeth were killing machines. And I could NOT stop feeding. Then one stormy night, my life ended suddenly. I roared. My life ended with a shiny silver nitrogen bullet. My girlfriend was there to see me die. And that's all I can remember... 




OHACY

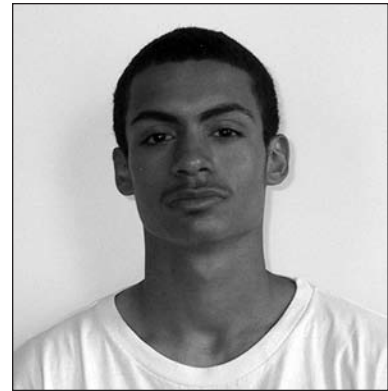


Scary artwork by Devin Gonzalez

What about Twoey?

A Rap by Michael Feliciano

Yes, I know about Fivey and Twoey/
They're trying to move me to write them a movie/
They're trying to use me, most talented usually/
Fivey looked out for me in '97/
Twoey made the first Fivey look like heaven/
Twoey don't got a magazine, don't tell him I told you/
He's not relaxing, you have no idea what he go through/
See Fivey is local, he'll be back every summer/
Twoey got nothing for himself, that is a bummer/
I'm gonna have Fivey shotgun, Twoey drivin' the Hummer/
Now, you know I got love for Fivey and Twoey the same/
Come on, let's go through five years in the game/
First, Fivey mag had no topic/ Second one Smart Partners
had it poppin'/
Number 3, you know Hell's Kitchen had to drop in/
Now that's right, there is about three years/
So the fourth Fivey had to do with careers/
Then family, then no topic, #7 is fears/
Now we up to eight and it's all about dreams/
My dream is that Twoey will have a magazine. 




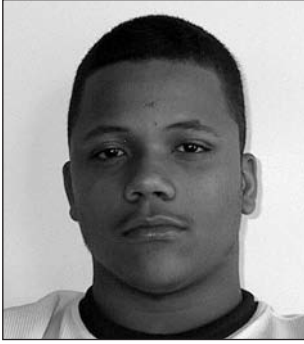
GRB



AIDS

By Nicole Fargardo

Me with AIDS, that's not a chance I'm willing to take.
Protection every time, never going to make that mistake.
First, you get HIV and AIDS comes next.
Can attack anyone even livin' life at best.
Take it from someone who knows someone with AIDS.
If I lose him life will never be the same.
It can happen to anyone: straight, gay, bi.
If you gonna have sex use protection, please just try.
It can happen even if it's your first time, use protection every time.
If you're gonna listen to anything I'm saying, listen to me now.
Use protection before anything goes down. 



A Letter to the President

By Christopher Ramirez

Chris wrote this letter to President Bush early this winter. Mr. Bush's response: an 8 X 10 glossy photo of himself.

Dear Mr. President, George W. Bush,

My name is Christopher Ramirez, and I'm fifteen years old. I attend Adolph S. Ochs Academy, (PS/IS.111). I'm the student president of my school. I do many things for my school. I also have a lot of say in many events that happen at my school. I deal with many issues that students are not comfortable with. I deal with these problems by following your techniques of running the nation. Lately, I have not been happy with your leadership and I was wondering if you had some time to spend with me. During that time I would like to explain to you, how we the youth of America feel about what's happening in our nation.



I feel that we the youth are being left out. You are expecting us to be the future leaders of tomorrow. But I feel that we are not seeing the correct examples of how we could run the nation in the future. If I followed your example I would start war as soon I started running the nation, but I do not want war for our nation. I want our country to be like Canada. I think that you should start listening to us; I know that we are under-age but we might make a point. You could even give me some tips of how to run the country when I have the chance.

Sir, many children are wondering why we are having war. There must be many reasons, which I would like to hear directly from you.

* PLEASE LISTEN TO ME *

I'm a really open-minded boy and I might give you ideas. If you are interested in talking to me, please write me back.

Thank you for taking the time to read this letter, and I hope that you find some time in your heart to listen to me.

Sincerely, Christopher Ramirez

My Day As a Teacher

Art and story by Cathy Fernandez

I was walking to work at a day care. When I got there, this kid named Jason came to me running and told me that, "I need your help."

I asked him, "Why?"

Then he said, "A kid is bothering me and I don't like when he does that."

So I went with the child, and when I confronted the kid that was picking on Jason I asked him " Why are you bothering this little boy named Jason?" The kid said with a lying face, "Well, because he was talking about my momma."

Jason said, "Well I didn't so stop blaming me you loser."

"Hey stop this nonsense and let's discuss this."

I take a deep breath, "Ok, why would you pick on a child that you really don't know and why are you doing this to hurt anybody's feelings? Say you're sorry and become friends. I don't want to see you fighting again!"

"Sorry," said the kid.

"Sorry," said Jason.

Then they made up and became friends. That is why I like working with kids, because you could fix their problems and they will become friends, and everybody will like each other. 🍎



GRB



ART BY CATHY FERNANDEZ

Love is Pain!

By Fifi Fernandez

If you leave the one you love
for the one you like,
the one you like will leave you
for the one they love.

That's why love is
PAIN!

People always say
"Don't hate the player,
just hate the game."

That is why love is
PAIN!


Most people who have issues
Really need a tissue

That's why love is
PAIN!

Love is pain
And it comes down
Like rain... pain.

Love is confusing.

But all I know,


I
LOVE
YOU. 



Artwork by
Fifi Fernandez

Boys

by Janiece Aponte

Boys are cute.
Boys sometimes make me puke.
Boys are cool.
Boys can sometimes be annoying
But when I get used to them
I feel they love me.
Boys are emotional.
Boys are crazy.
But they are still amazing.
Boys are adorable.
But they still make me dream about
them.
Boys are sensitive.
But they are still handsome. 

Dreams

by Joshua Joya

Inspired by "A Dream Deferred" by Langston Hughes.

How far do your dreams expand?
Do they stretch as far as a rubber band?
Or fly as far as a boomerang?
Do they lay flat on a wooden board?
Or float on the nearest river?
Do they project outside the box or stay locked up?
Maybe they sink back into their wombs.

Develop and grow as a baby

Would do or maybe...

You just don't have anymore to give. 5

God's Angel

Artwork by Paul Dixon

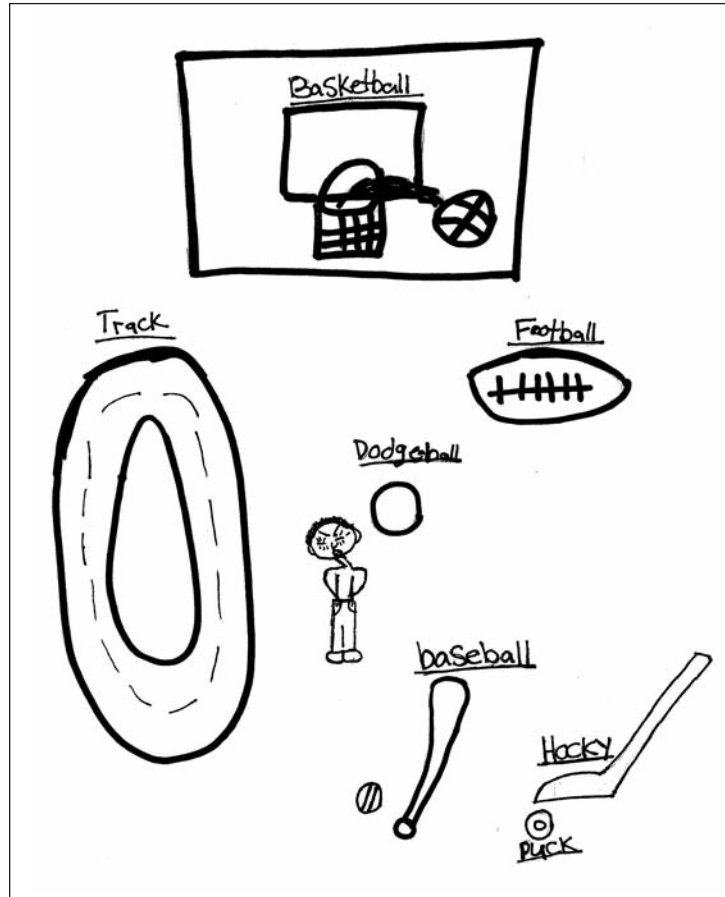


GRB

Icons of Sports Art by Samantha Toro




GRB



Sweets

By Mordecai Santiago

Sweets, sweets
They are really sweet.
I eat it at school and
I eat it before I sleep.
I eat it in the morning,
I eat it at noon, I eat
it with Liz in the
classroom.
Sweet Tarts, lollipops,
Jolly Ranchers and Pop Rocks. 


How Andrew Saved Me

by Azalea Rosario

The dream I had was about my nephew. We were being chased by a scary guy and he was very hairy. He had very dark eyes and was huge like a wrestler. He was wearing all black and a snow hat that was black. So I jumped out of the balcony with the baby in my arms. I felt the ground because I landed on my back. I lived on the third floor so I know my back did not hurt when I fell. I wished that instead of jumping off, I would have turned on the alarms.



Andrew; the amazing baby with some kind of supernatural influence on his aunt.

When I woke up I found myself in the basement. I woke up in my dream and found myself lying on the dirty floor filled with dirt and puddles of water. I thought I was out of the dream but I was still in it! So I took my nephew and I screamed to the bad person, "Ah ha ha! I left you!" So I ran and ran and everything was different. I was so scared. I think that this dream meant that I needed to see my nephew more. I was the one who saved him. Now I see him a lot more. I think that he saved me from not listening to him. My nephew Andrew is ten months old now. He was six months when I had the dream. 



Andrew with his friend Pooh.



GRB


The Afternoon Daydreams

Artwork by Luz Maldonado



Dreams are Scary

By Luisa Santiago and Nikki Phillips

Dreams are scary, interesting, funny, and weird.
Sometimes I wake up and I am crying tears.
I never know what will happen when I close my eyes.
But I just can't when I'm crying.
Then you have so much things in your head.
How did they all fit into my bed?
I can dream that I live under the sea.
Then I wake up and happen to see
a bee flying.
I love good dreams.
They're almost as magic as they seem.
Bad dreams will sometimes wake me up.
But I love dreams so very very much. 

Dreamz by Crystal Toro



GRB


D is for dangerous because that's sometimes what dreamz are. Once I dreamed I was falling off the Empire State Building and I ended up falling off my bed!

R is for realistic fun because that's what most dreamz contain. I dreamed that I was singing in Madison Square Garden. It's possible!

E is for extra stuff because that's what all dreamz have. You could be dreaming about getting eaten by a tiger, and Cinderella pops up!

A is for all cuz that's what dreams have to be about, all things.

M is for magical because those are the dreamz I have. Once I had a dream I was running barefoot, chasing cars, and then I ended up chasing a horse-drawn carriage.

A dream is a dream. It comes in all shapes and sizes. You can't control them so just let them happen. 

Nightmare Dragon by Georgie Zapata



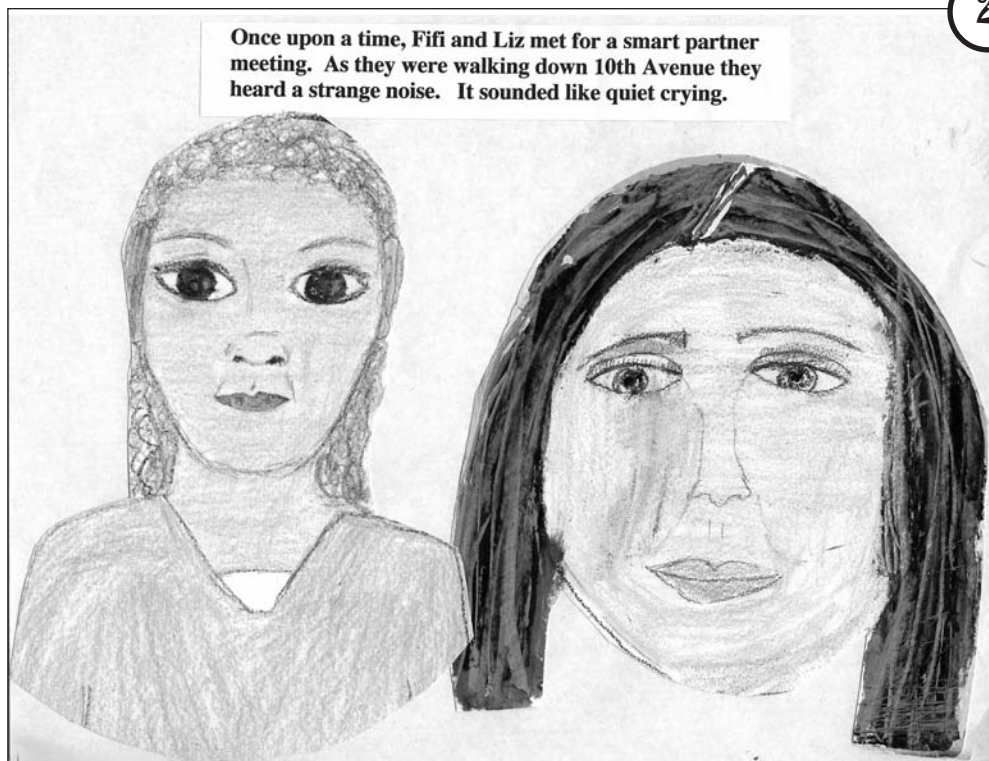
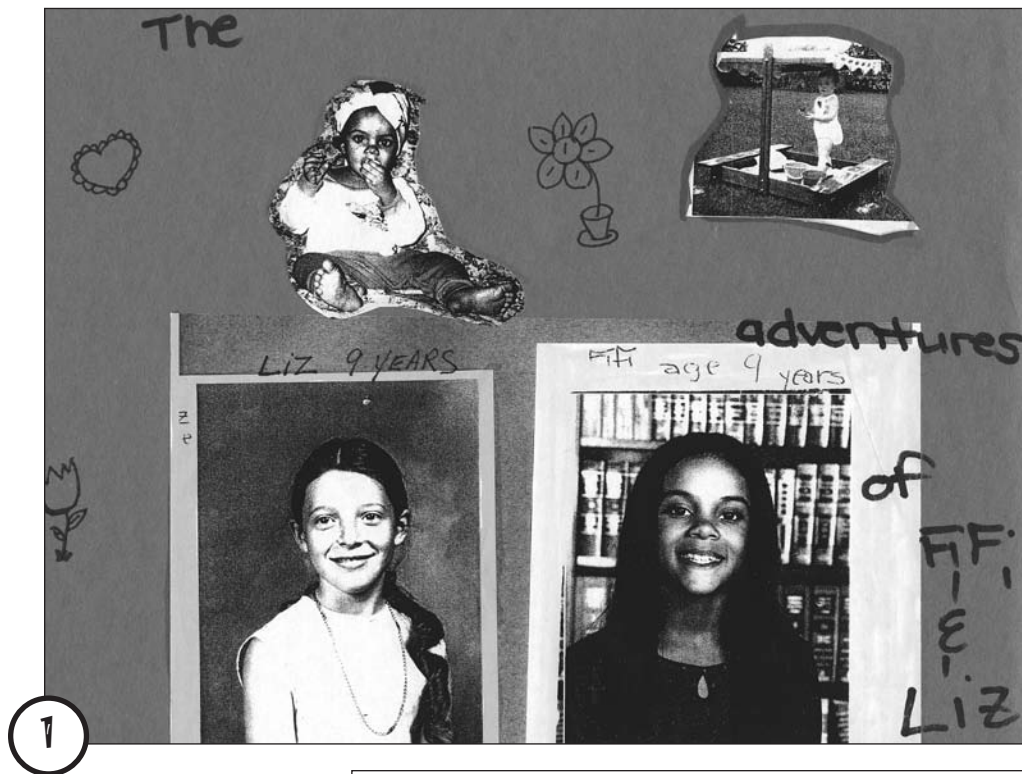
GRB

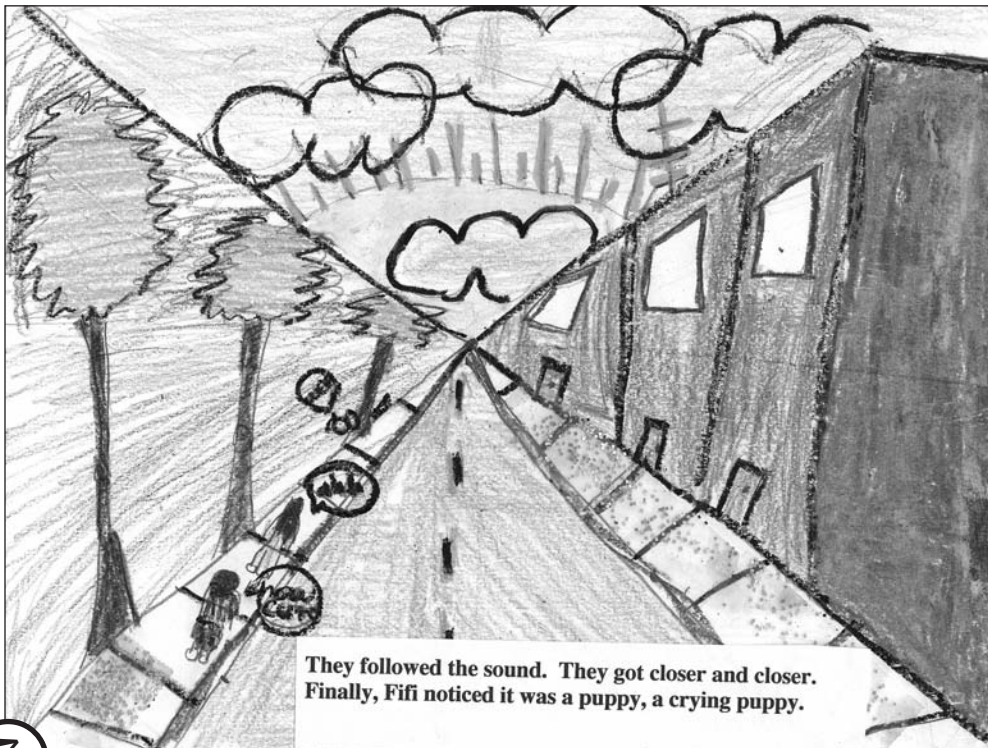


The Adventures of Fifi and Liz (The Soul Connector)

Picture Book by Analisis "Fifi" Fernandez and Liz Canavan

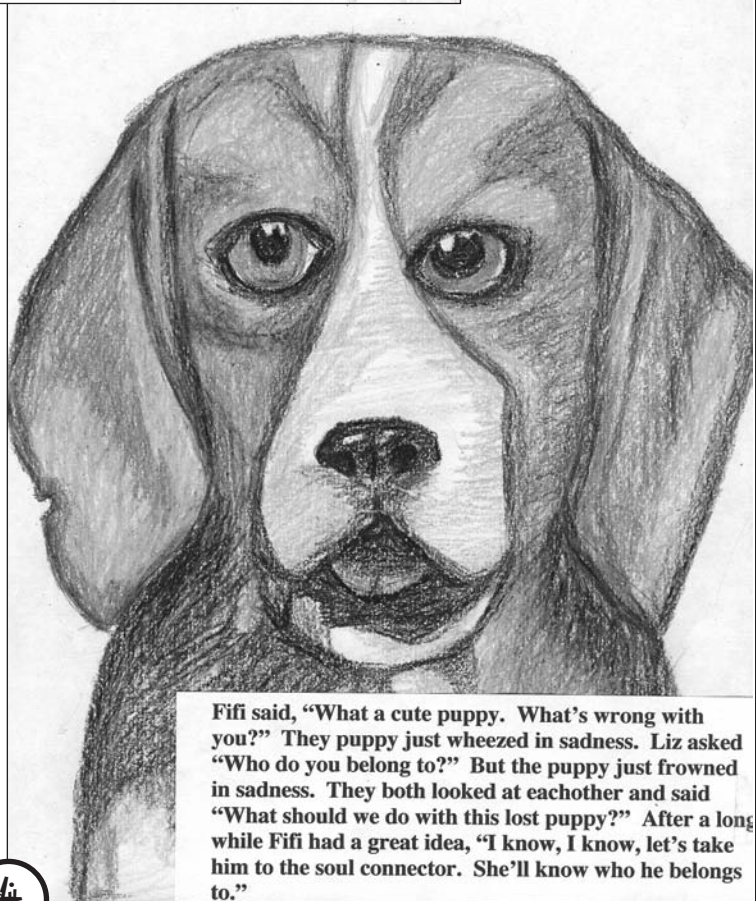
This year, Smart Partners Fifi and Liz decided to create something really big together: an entire book! They came up with a 10 page saga that takes place in and around the Project Clubhouse. Fifi is printed in black-and-white, so we can't show you the brilliant colors they used, but we think it looks pretty cool anyway.





They followed the sound. They got closer and closer. Finally, Fifi noticed it was a puppy, a crying puppy.

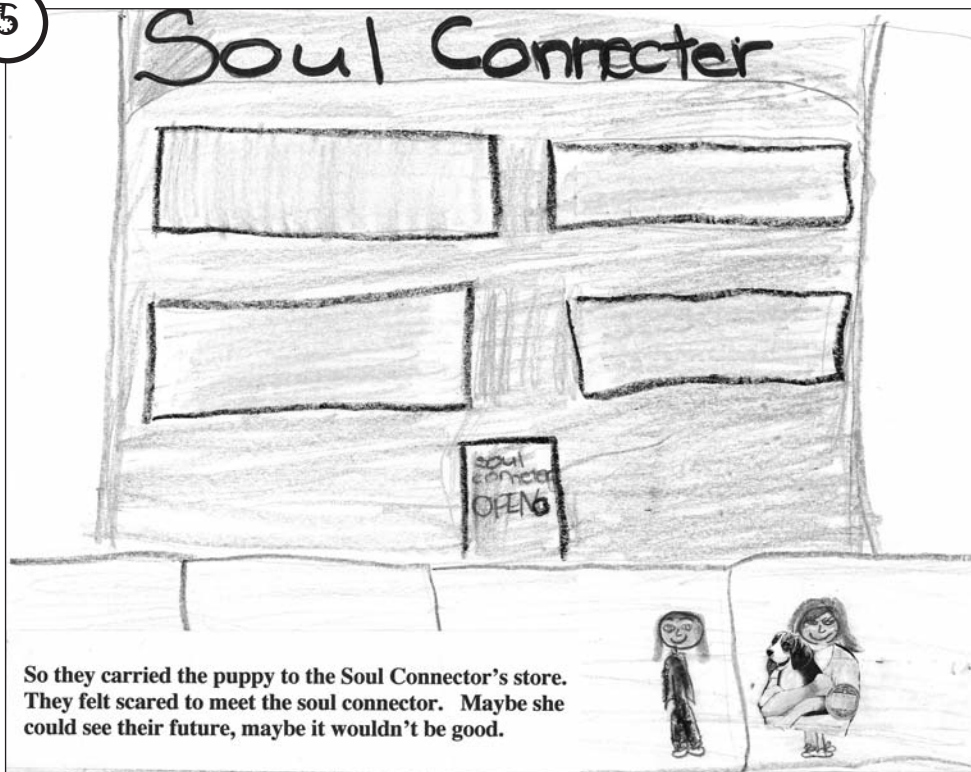
3



Fifi said, "What a cute puppy. What's wrong with you?" The puppy just wheezed in sadness. Liz asked "Who do you belong to?" But the puppy just frowned in sadness. They both looked at each other and said "What should we do with this lost puppy?" After a long while Fifi had a great idea, "I know, I know, let's take him to the soul connector. She'll know who he belongs to."

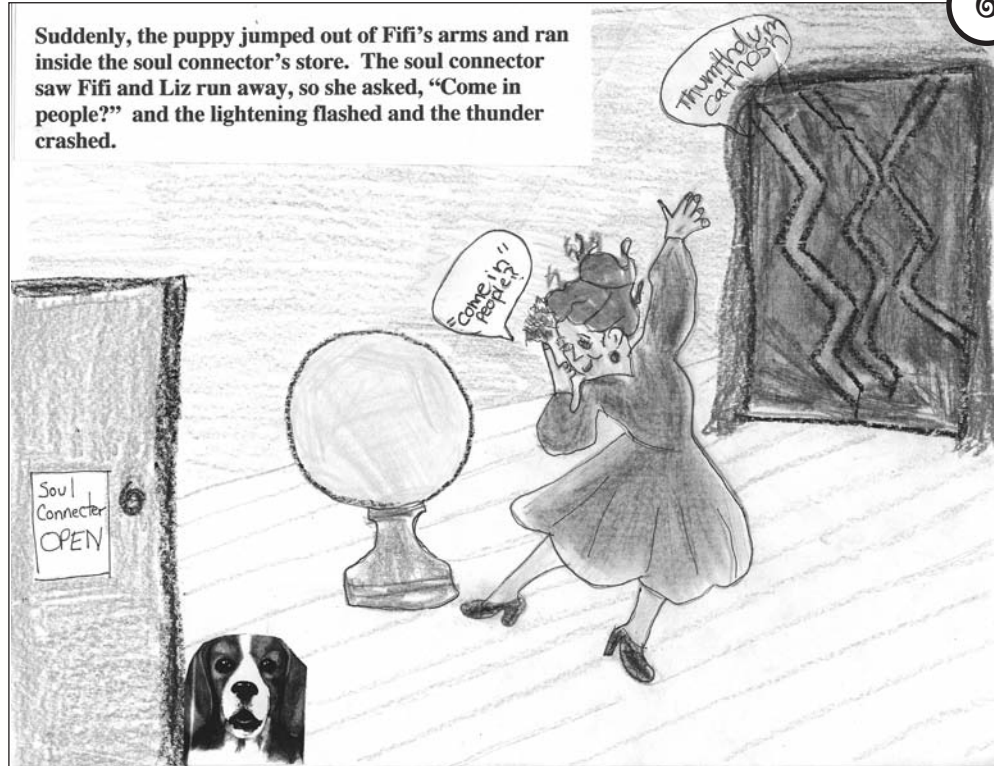
4

5

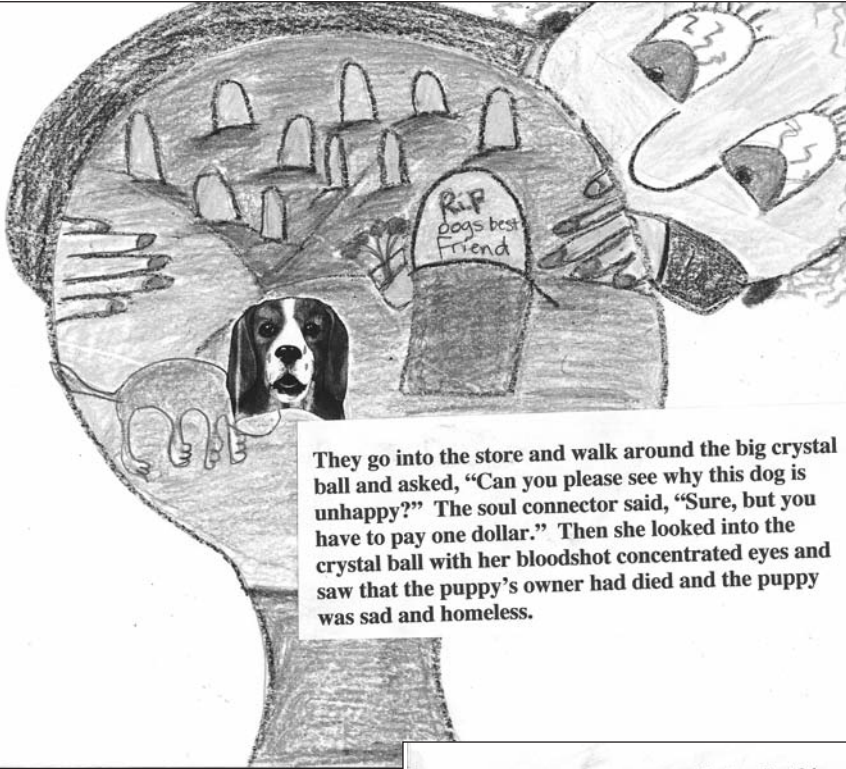


So they carried the puppy to the Soul Connector's store. They felt scared to meet the soul connector. Maybe she could see their future, maybe it wouldn't be good.

6



Suddenly, the puppy jumped out of Fifi's arms and ran inside the soul connector's store. The soul connector saw Fifi and Liz run away, so she asked, "Come in people?" and the lightning flashed and the thunder crashed.

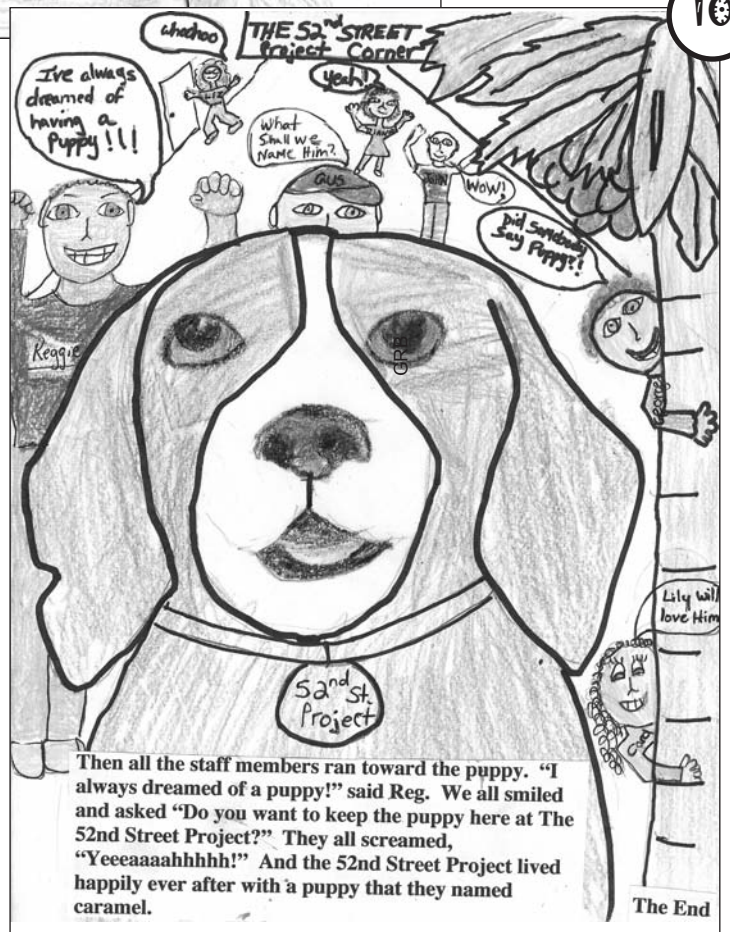


They go into the store and walk around the big crystal ball and asked, "Can you please see why this dog is unhappy?" The soul connector said, "Sure, but you have to pay one dollar." Then she looked into the crystal ball with her bloodshot concentrated eyes and saw that the puppy's owner had died and the puppy was sad and homeless.

Fifi and Liz held the puppy and stared at him and told him, "We will find you a home." "But where?" they thought as they walked towards the Fifty Second Street Project.



They walked in and told the dog, "This is part of our family."



Then all the staff members ran toward the puppy. "I always dreamed of a puppy!" said Reg. We all smiled and asked "Do you want to keep the puppy here at The 52nd Street Project?" They all screamed, "Yeeaaaaahhhh!" And the 52nd Street Project lived happily ever after with a puppy that they named caramel.

The End

Spring

by Terrence Mack

I love spring.
Spring is the time to say goodbye
to the moon.
No one knows the moon is still there,
in Green Vill. But I do,
Because I never say
goodbye. 🌸



GRB



GRB

Love Poem

by Azalea Rosario

Love is like a warm blanket
on top of me when I am cold.
Love is like a sunrise that you can't wait
to see, to tell you it will be a happy day.
Love is like the ocean, so smooth and calm.
Love is like a blazing inferno, difficult to extin-
guish.
Love is not limited to the things listed above.
Love is love. 🌸

My Mother's Dreams

By Mark Gamero

Hi, this is about my mother's dreams and how they give her a sign of what might happen in the future. I know what you're thinking, no one can tell the future, 'cause that's what I thought too. But my mother has these types of dreams that happen in a month or later after she had the dream. I can say this 'cause I had experiences with her dreams, which really creeped me out at first; but the thing with my mother is that her dreams are of what's going to happen to her family, not to anyone else.

I remember one of the dreams that she told me before. One was when my father was in the hospital and the doctors told me and my family that he was going to die in three weeks, because his liver was too damaged from alcohol. In three weeks, it was going to be around Christmas. But a month before the doctors told us the bad news, my mother had a dream and she told me, and this is what she said: "First, I was in a vast landscape and it was like a field with grass and you could see the mountains from far away, but in front of me was a big hourglass filled with sand, and the hourglass was half empty... then a voice says from the sky, 'Someone's time is running out.' When I heard this I knew he was talking about Anderson (my father) and then I got on my knees and started praying and saying with tears 'Please, please! Don't take him, give him another chance.' The sand of the hourglass was going down faster and faster until there was little left. I looked up and the hourglass shattered and I woke up.'


After she told me this, I just thought it was a dream until the doctors told me the news. But everyone thought that he was going to die, except for my mother. She was still supporting him and always



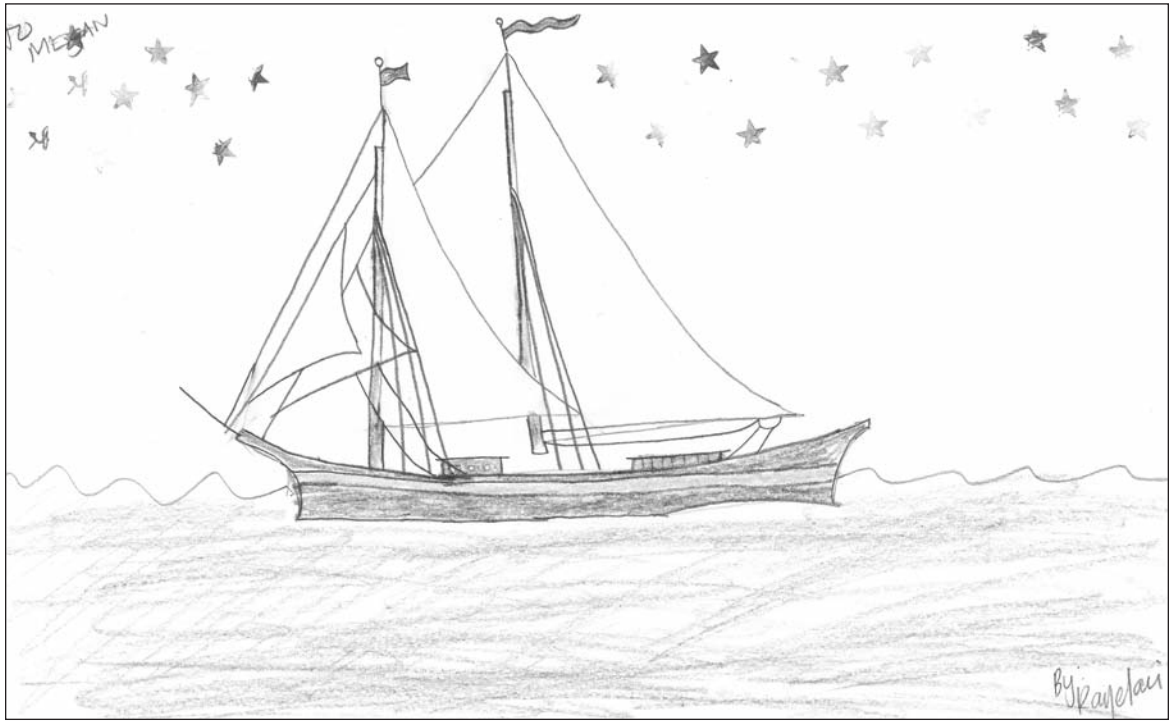
CRB

being there for him, because she thought that the dream she had was saying God is going to give him another chance. A month after the news he was still alive, and from then on I believed her every dream.

The second dream she told me was two weeks before my father actually died on August 6, 2004. This dream she told me went like this... "I was in front of a school and it seemed like I was waiting for you to get out of school, and then a bell rung and I saw all the kids come out from the school and then I saw you with your friends. You came to me with all your friends and started talking to each other. Then I heard a train 'cause there was tracks in front of the school and I heard the rusty metal banging against the tracks. My reaction was to hide you and your friends behind me, and I told you to be quiet. Then this black train slowed down when it came to the school, and the headlights looked like it was eyes and it looked like it was looking for someone, but then just passed by us and went down inside the earth and disappeared.' Two weeks afterwards, my father died and the dream she had, she also drew it in her sketchbook.

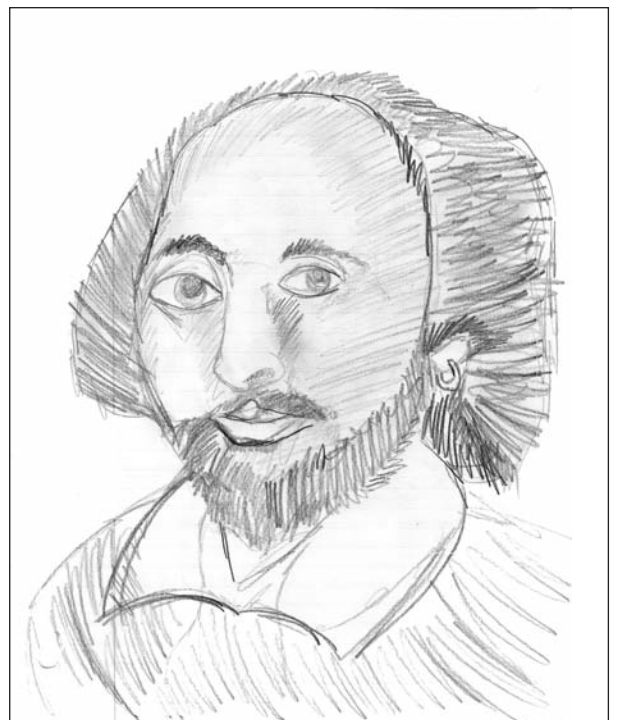
The third dream she told me was about three weeks ago. It wasn't really the future. She told me me about how my father contacted her in her dream. This dream really creeped me out and this is what she told me, "I was in a big white house and I was looking around when I saw you at the door, and you said 'Bye Mom, see you later,' and you left and closed the door behind you. After a few minutes, your father came and he looked angry and said 'I don't like what Mark's doing!!! I don't like what Mark's doing! and he kept repeating it, getting more angry every time. He said that phrase and his face was red and then I woke up." When I heard this I felt weird and awkward cause my father is watching me.... My mother thinks he is saying something about school, but I know what he's talking about... 

Dreamboat *Sketch by Kayelani Silva*



William Shakespeare

*Sketch by Muhammad
Cunningham*




Mom, I Understand Now!

By Christopher Ramirez

My mother makes all the decisions in my life. Why should I help her do that? I mean she knows what's right and what's wrong for me. How can she take her decisions and my decisions at the same time? It must be a living hell. Now I know why my mom gets stressed out. I never knew that eighth grade would be filled with so many decisions. The high school process was a living nightmare. It was three weeks of deciding and reading school reviews. I couldn't decide because all the schools sounded good. My mother had no say in this. She couldn't tell me what school she wanted me to attend. She didn't want to pick a school I would not be happy in. I totally agreed with her on that one.

Going to high school meant starting to pick out the right career for my life. In this case, that was acting. The big question was, did I really want to act for the rest of my life? Another decision my mother couldn't make. I was about to kill myself; I was making so many decisions with such little time. Acting is what I love, so I've decided to do it forever. I just hope it's the right decision.

I really want to go to school outside of the city. I feel that schools in the city are not as good as private schools. I want to become a better actor and make my vocabulary and my pronunciation better. That is something private schools would give me. But do I want to leave my family behind? New York City is the city of opportunities. Do I want to leave those behind? At this moment, I'm having second thoughts of going to school outside the city. I really don't know what to do. My reason for staying in the Big Apple is to act, but people say that can happen later. I really don't know what I should do.

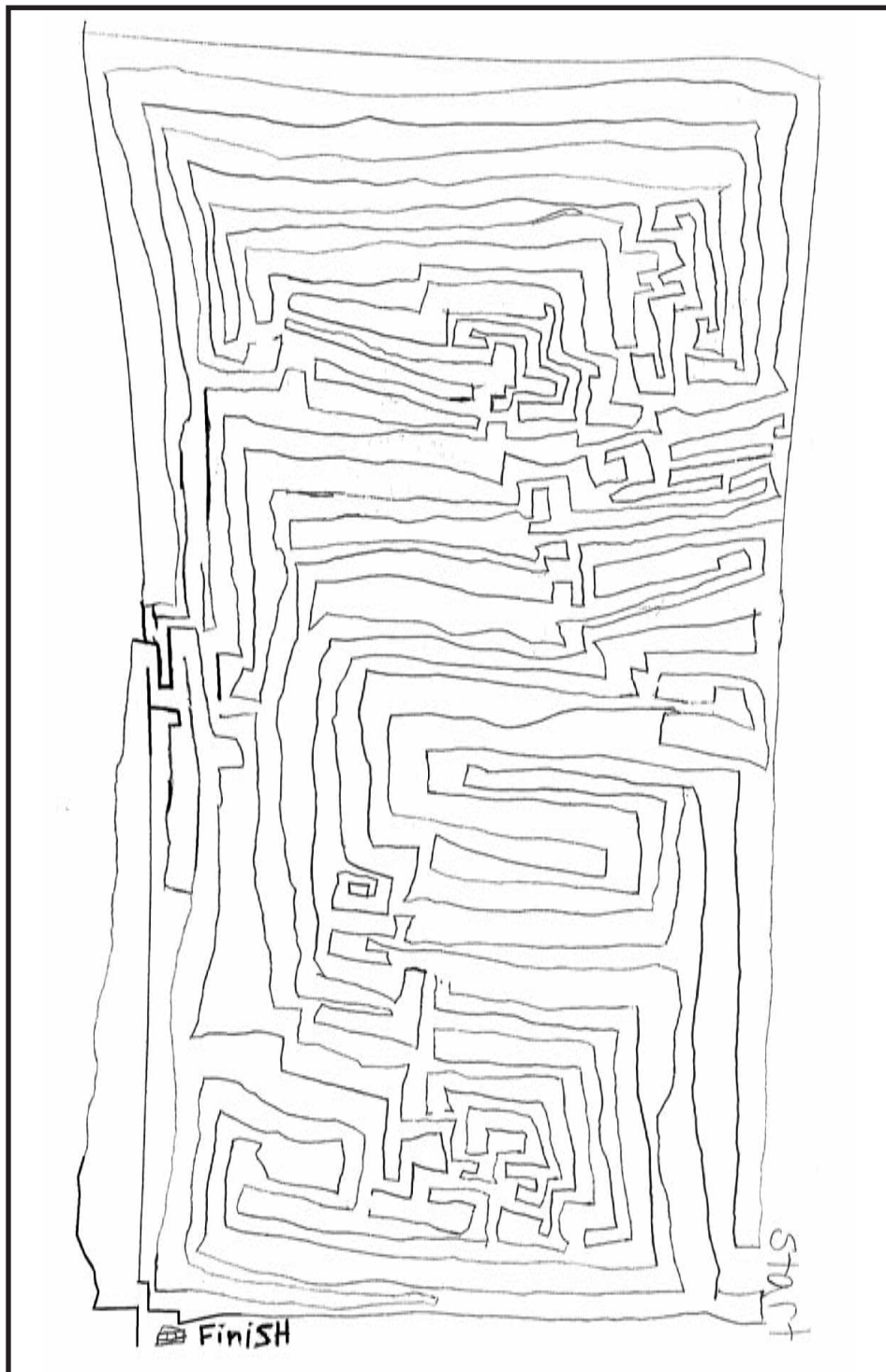
Sometimes I sit and think: do I really want to grow up? I'm starting to see how life really is; making choices that will affect the rest of my life. The question is, am I making the right ones...? 

Gil's Pages of Puzzlement by Jason "Crypto" Gil

The Maze of No Return!

Can you find your way through The Maze of No Return to get to the treasure chest at the end?

GRB



Jason's Word Puzzle of A Million Letters!

Circle these words in the grid (Hint: They're all things in the 52nd Street Project):

People
 Food
 Props
 Books
 Chairs
 Refrigerator
 Costumes
 Computer
 Styrofoam
 Kids
 Adults
 Pencil
 Pens
 Notebooks
 Plays
 Microwave
 Forks
 Spoons
 Tables
 Desks
 Windows
 Calendars

P	C	K	B	W	Y	Z	D	E	S	K	S	F	S	N	A	O	L	P	R	M	S	F	R
Q	E	T	Z	O	R	K	V	U	A	J	Z	X	D	I	D	G	H	C	R	Y	M	I	S
T	Q	N	P	L	N	A	X	G	B	V	U	Z	K	S	U	T	M	L	A	O	A	D	B
V	Z	G	S	X	W	F	R	N	J	L	O	P	X	Q	L	A	Y	L	Z	T	D	B	G
C	Y	C	G	O	F	J	K	A	T	S	X	R	S	F	T	B	P	G	H	Q	I	O	U
S	X	G	R	Q	J	S	J	K	L	C	H	A	I	R	S	L	U	M	R	S	F	D	L
Z	M	C	O	A	N	V	J	S	K	I	U	V	F	E	S	K	O	O	B	E	T	O	N
Y	I	F	P	C	P	U	R	P	D	S	T	Q	D	F	O	U	Z	Y	Q	A	S	T	E
M	T	H	F	T	E	E	V	O	X	C	D	E	G	R	R	S	T	E	B	A	X	R	C
G	Y	Q	Z	G	T	A	O	R	Y	Z	R	Q	E	I	F	D	N	L	R	V	W	A	D
H	A	L	V	C	M	F	D	P	J	G	C	D	I	G	A	N	E	J	O	H	N	R	F
K	K	M	U	F	A	M	E	J	L	K	M	R	Q	E	F	S	V	M	X	T	M	E	K
S	R	Z	L	R	N	L	M	S	J	E	S	T	K	R	J	T	A	D	B	L	C	G	T
O	E	Y	M	E	K	N	E	T	F	S	V	Q	G	A	S	O	T	L	I	Z	G	B	D
T	T	X	S	E	G	M	A	D	L	N	S	T	V	T	F	G	M	O	J	U	K	T	O
K	U	N	M	S	U	G	C	K	A	S	O	M	E	O	B	L	K	V	S	X	Y	N	C
F	P	F	U	T	S	S	I	M	O	R	B	G	F	R	Q	E	T	D	I	N	A	T	A
M	M	G	S	U	L	H	K	E	K	X	S	Y	M	I	S	B	N	B	A	I	B	V	R
N	O	O	L	K	O	Q	P	R	G	H	T	S	R	W	F	S	G	I	P	O	N	C	O
K	C	M	T	F	Z	L	O	G	O	S	O	E	O	B	K	T	T	D	E	L	O	T	L
F	S	N	D	T	W	O	D	A	E	F	M	D	V	I	S	P	O	O	N	S	F	N	L
S	I	U	G	D	X	H	C	M	O	A	N	D	Z	U	S	D	A	G	C	E	C	T	M
Q	O	V	W	M	V	T	Z	N	R	I	O	B	L	J	O	E	B	X	I	K	B	F	N
K	I	D	S	N	M	M	G	C	W	G	M	B	O	O	K	S	Q	T	L	G	E	O	L

Farewell to Fivey *By Analis "Fifi" Fernandez*

Dear Fivey,

I hope you enjoy all your stories. All of us kids worked so hard on you. Do you think dreams are easy to remember? I think that every year kids will fulfill your dreams and fulfill their own. Goodbye Fivey! Bye!

Love, Analis

On The Back Cover: Mordecai Santiago takes up space while he daydreams of exploring it.

YELLY



The 52nd Street Project
500 West 52nd St.
New York, NY 10019

Phone: (212) 333-5252
Website: www.52project.org
E-mail: info@52project.org

